THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. VOL. XXIX. | MARCH, 1877. | NEW SERIES. VOL. VI. No. 3.

SUSIE TOWNSEND.

SUSIE TOWNSEND'S parents live in the city; but last summer they went into the country for a few weeks, and took Willie and Susie with them. Willie is seven years old, and Susie only four. They boarded at a farmhouse, where there were a great many horses and cows and pigs and hens. They had not been there an hour before Willie was leading Susie out to see the different animals on the farm. Soon Susie spied a big black hen, and asked Willie if it was "a doggy cat." Willie laughed, and told her that it was a hen. Just then the old hen cackled. "How funny he talks!" said Susie. Willie then ran for some corn, so that he and his sister could have some fun feeding the hens. He threw a handful of it to them, and they began to eat in their greedy way. "You eat too fast, you'll be sick," said Susie. But she liked the fun of seeing them eat, all the same; and put her own little hand into the corn, and gave them a handful, and then another, and then another, until it was all gone.

Willie and Susie had many a good time through the summer feeding the hens and cows and other animals on the farm. They were much pleased with the chickens, and sometimes would watch them a whole hour. One day Susie came in with a sad face, and told her mother that she just went to take up a little chickie, when the cross old hen growled at her, and bit her on the nose. After that, Susie was a little shy of old hens with chickens.

At the end of summer, Mrs. Townsend was taken ill, and a friend sent her a basket of grapes. There was no one in the room where they were left. Soon Susie came in and saw them. She thought of her friends, the hens, and what a nice dinner they would be for them. She took the basket in her hand, and quietly went out into the yard, and called, "Biddy, biddy." The "biddies" well knew whose voice that was, and that something would be thrown them from Susie's little hand. She had given them one handful of the grapes, and was just going to give them another, when Willie spied the mischief that she was in, and led her into the house. The little girl did not know that the grapes were for her sick mother; but she knew that she was not doing right to carry them out to the hens. We hope that she will not do wrong again.

NEVER put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

ABOUT DWARFS.

NOT long ago we went to see "General Mite" and Lucia Zarate, two little dwarfs who were on exhibition at Horticultural Hall in Boston. The "General" is twelve years old, twenty-two inches high, and weighs but nine pounds. Lucia is thirteen years old, rather shorter than the "General," and weighs less than five pounds. Strange to say, they are as large as they ever will be. These little people have many nice things, and seem to enjoy life very much. Perhaps they would not care to be larger if they could. Still, it is a great misfortune to be so small, and we are sure that none of our young readers would like to stop growing now, although there is not one of them who could wear the clothes of "General Mite" or Lucia Zarate, or who is not as large as both of them. If you were to stop growing for life when you were three feet high, or when you weighed but seventy pounds, it would be a sad thing; for it would greatly impair your usefulness and happiness. But it would be a sadder thing if you should stop growing in mind. Then you would be dwarfs in mind instead of dwarfs in body. There is much more danger of becoming dwarfs in mind than in body; for it does not require effort on our part to make the body grow, but it does to make the mind grow; and, if we would prevent it from becoming dwarfed, we must make the most of our opportunities to improve it.

THE CREATION.

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures, great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden, —
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day, —

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well!

C. F. Alexander.

THE STUDY OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THIS is the "study," a grand room in every respect, and as cosey and comfort-giving as it is grand. It is not just like going into an ancient interior, to be sure; but you feel, as soon as the door rolls back upon its hinges, that you are treading a floor into which nothing of the new style can ever find entrance.

A bright fire is burning on the hearth, — and such a hearth! A great square hole in the chimney, polished dog-irons, on which are piled the crackling logs, bright beneath and black overhead, — just such a place as the Christmas saint would wish to lurk in if benumbed on a frosty morning. Well, I dare say you may have seen such a hearth, away back in the country, but rarely in the crowded houses of our cities.

On the mantel-shelf is a bronze clock, which would fain conceal its richness under a crystal globe. On either side are vases, Gettysburg relics, and other curiosities. On the right of the shelf, and where the room projects back, forming a sort of alcove, stands a card-table of solid mahogany and old-fashioned origin, about which, it is averred, some of the renowned Cambridge worthies, of several generations gone by, used to smile and gossip over a game of whist. It came into the poet's possession by a mere accident; and where you see it now you will probably see it a good many years hence, for it is rarely used now-a-days.

Near the table, and on the north side of the room, are book-shelves, laden with treasures which years have brought together. On the south side are other shelves, in like manner displaying a wealth of fine bindings, mostly of foreign workmanship. In the south-east corner of the room is an old-fashioned secretary-desk, which the poet resorts to only on rare occasions.

In the centre of the room is the study-table, strewn with books, manuscripts, letters, and almost every thing else that falls within a poet's fancy. Near the ink-stand, and with its mouthpiece well nigh concealed beneath a cluster of quills, is a huge meerschaum pipe, whose sombre hue bespeaks many a "well-spent hour among the clouds."

Whether at work or at leisure, Mr. Lowell occupies the broad easy-chair which, as you perceive, stands midway between the table and the fireplace. In this chair he has done most of his writing, his only desk being a stiff piece of pasteboard conveniently resting on his knee.

One would fancy that he must oftentimes suffer from an aching back, or feel at times as if his neck were going to break asunder. He is never troubled either way; and, if you were to ask him how he came to invent so singular a substitute for a desk, he would answer that he has always made use of such a contrivance, and cannot accustom himself to any other.

So there he sits and dreams, and, when the Muse inspires him, plans and writes out good thoughts for his fellow-men; glancing up across at the few pictures which hang upon the walls, or perhaps turning half around to scan the silver Charles as on he winds by marsh and meadow.

Such is the poet's "study" as it is to-day. Through the door which opens on the left of the fireplace you may enter another study which, in other years, was occupied by the poet. Books crowd the walls on all sides, a few portraits hang here and there, and in the centre of the room is a square desk, which, like the more old-fashioned desk in the adjoining room, is rarely used.

The only "curiosity" in the room which rivets your attention is a pair of silver sleeve-buttons, now tarnished almost into blackness, which were once worn by Robert Burns. —*George L. Austin, in March "Wide Awake."*

DESIRING AND CHOOSING.

"OH!" said a poor criminal, "I desire above all things to reform and be an honest man."

Yes, you may desire it, but do you choose it? There is a great difference between *desiring* a thing and *choosing* it. If you really wish to be a reformed man, you will be one.

Ask a poor, ragged vagabond, "Do you not desire to be rich?" Of course he will say, "Yes." But he does not *choose* it. He likes to be lazy much more than to earn a living; therefore he is a vagabond.

"Harry, do you desire to be a scholar, and stand at the head of your class?" "Indeed I do," cries Harry; but he is last in every thing, because he likes his ease better than application.

"Mother," said Lucy, "I really desire to be obliging and sweet tempered." "Then you must *choose* to be," answered her mother. "We are full of good desires; but we only choose those things which we are willing to take pains and deny ourselves for." "O mother, choosing is so hard," said Lucy. "Hard at first, but it becomes easier as we go resolutely on." "I will *choose*, then," cried Lucy.

It was not long before she was put to the test. She had gone upstairs to finish an interesting story. "Lucy!" cried Aunt Jane, "I want you!" "I never can have any comfort by myself!" thought she, and was about to answer "What?" in a very disobliging tone, when she bravely kept down her ill-feeling, and said cheerfully, "Yes, Aunt Jane, I am coming." Lucy *chose*, you see. She struggled to be what she desired to be, and won a noble victory over herself. — *Early Days.*

WORK.

NEVER be afraid of working:
Do not shun the toil of life!
Good can never come of shirking
Daily cares and daily strife.

Golden harp-strings harshly jingle,
Left by idle hands unstrung;
And our heart-tones falsely mingle,
When their chords no toil has wrung.

Life must be whate'er we make it, —
High and noble, mean and base;
Work alone can boldly wake it
To the glory of the race.

Not our task, but how we do it,
Stamps our fate for good or ill;
Naught so mean, but we may view it
As a message of God's will.

And, if done with true endeavor,
E'en the humblest deed may shine;
Work, well done for God's sake, ever
Links the Human and Divine.

Selected.

THE successful man invariably bears on his brow the marks of the struggle which he has undergone. The best sailors come from the roughest seas. They who seek to avoid care and labor, and who choose for themselves an easy path, are simply defrauding themselves of the noblest qualities of manhood, and making themselves like mushrooms grown in the shelter, instead of oaks which have wrestled with a thousand storms, and which still lift their giant arms and sun-crowned heads triumphant towards the skies. — *Selected.*

MEMORY.

YOUR memory is bad, perhaps; but I can tell you two secrets that will cure the worst memory. One I mentioned before, — to read a subject when strongly interested. The other is, to not only read, but think. When you have read a paragraph or a page, stop, close the book, and try to remember the ideas on that page; and not only recall them into words, but speak them out. Faithfully follow these rules, and you have the golden keys of knowledge. Besides inattentive reading, there are other things injurious to memory. One is the habit of skimming over newspapers, items of news, smart remarks, bits of information, political reflections, fashion notes, — all in a confused jumble, never to be thought of again, thus diligently cultivating a habit of careless reading, hard to break. Another is the reading of trashy novels. Nothing is so fatal to reading with profit as the habit of running through story after story, and forgetting them as soon as read. I know a gray-haired woman, a life-long lover of books, who sadly declares that her mind has been ruined by such reading. Repetition is also a help to memory. — *St. Nicholas.*

For The Dayspring.

GRACIE'S FUN IN THE SCHOOL-YARD.

BY NATHANIEL SEAVER, JR.

ON a fine afternoon, early in the spring, Doctor Leonard's two daughters, Gracie and Mabel, came racing home from school, full of glee at something which had happened there. Gracie was nine years old, and Mabel only five; her parents called her the "little echo," because she always felt that she must do and say just what her older sister did. On this occasion she was laughing even more heartily than Gracie, although I hardly think she understood what she was laughing at. The fresh, cool air made their cheeks tingle and glow, but they were warmly clad, and not a bit cold; so they played with Rover in the yard, and kept school with their dolls in the old barn chamber, until Annie rung the bell for tea. Such a time as they had with their scholars! They failed in their lessons, and disobeyed the rules till their teachers were all out of patience. I think those naughty dolls must have got at least three whippings apiece. Mabel's oldest scholar — a Scotch doll, with his plaid frock half torn off and one arm missing — "*'haved deffully;*" he got seven whippings and forty black marks.

When the bell sounded, the two little teachers closed the school in great haste. Sandy, the Scotch doll, was not dismissed with the rest; he was shut up under a water-pail with his feet sticking out and left alone to think over his naughtiness all night.

"Stop a minute," said Mrs. Leonard, as her two darlings burst into the sitting-room and began chattering both at once about something funny which had taken place at school: "your stories will keep till after supper, but, before we sit down, I think some dirty little fingers will need attention; then, too, somebody's rubbers are lying at the foot of the sofa; and there is a hood behind the cellar door, and a pair of mittens on the back steps; unless these are taken care of now, they will be missing to-morrow morning just as you are about to start for school."

It was very strange that things never would stay on those nice low hooks which Doctor Leonard had put up on purpose for the children. They were always sure they

put them there; but, when any garment was needed in a hurry, the last place anybody would expect to find it was on those hooks or near them.

After supper was eaten, the school-yard story was forgotten; for it was now the children's hour when Gracie and Mabel had a good romp with papa and mamma. Papa was at their mercy: they combed, braided, and crimped his hair, made horses of his knees, and teased him to tell stories and make shadow pictures until bedtime. Mabel was quite ready for it, but Gracie was still wide awake.

"My little daughters forgot to tell what they were laughing about when they came in from their play," said Mrs. Leonard, as they were going upstairs to the children's chamber.

"Oh, yes, mamma!" replied Gracie, hardly able to keep from laughing again at her own thoughts. "We had such jolly fun in the school-yard with Sallie Nippet! You know how she dresses, with her mother's old clothes made over, and somebody's old hood and bootees! Well, this afternoon Flossie Newell wrote a verse about her tippet on a slate, and, after we got out of school, we girls began singing it to Sallie to make her chase us."

"Indeed! and can you remember the verse now?" asked Mrs. Leonard.

With another effort to keep from laughing, Gracie managed to repeat these lines:—

"Where did Sallie Nippet
Get that faded tippet?
She'd better buy some indigo,
And ask her ma to dip it."

"Then you had a real good time, did you?" said Mrs. Leonard.

"Oh, yes! it was splendid fun," answered Gracie.

"And Sallie, too: I suppose she enjoyed it ever so much?" continued Mrs. Leonard.

This happened to be a point on which Gracie had some doubts, and she was less prompt with an answer. She looked away from her mother's calm, pleasant face, and said: "Well, I don't believe she cared much, for she is always good-natured. At any rate, she didn't cry. She laughed herself when she chased us; but perhaps it was so that we shouldn't know that it plagued her."

Mrs. Leonard was not smiling now; she gave Gracie a searching look, and said soberly, "I am sorry to hear that my little daughter finds pleasure in teasing a playmate because her parents are too poor to buy her good clothes, and who is too good-natured to get angry. I am afraid you sent her to her home with a sad heart."

Gracie was silent for a moment, and then said softly, "I don't believe I would have done it if I had stopped to think; but then she has such a queer name, and the rhyme sounded so funny! I will tell her I am sorry, to-morrow."

Mrs. Leonard made no answer. She tucked the two little girls in bed, and waited until they had said their prayers and sent good-nights to every one in the house (not forgetting the dog and cat), and then turned to go.

"Mamma," said Gracie, faintly, "won't you please leave a little light?"

"My little girls don't need light to see to sleep by, do they?"

"No," said Gracie; "but I would like the crack of your door left open, so that I can hear you moving."

"Are you afraid of the dark?"

"Not exactly."

"But you would really be afraid if you were out alone now, on that road which

winds through the grove between here and Ridgeville, I suppose," said Mrs. Leonard.

"Yes, I certainly would."

"Then," said Mrs. Leonard, taking Gracie's hand, and stroking back her hair, "I think I must tell you a little story; and, if you want me to leave a light after I am through, I will do so."

"Once upon a time there lived a poor family at a place which I will call Belmont. The father had gone to the war; but, as there were many little mouths to feed, his pay was not enough for their support; so the mother went out to work whenever she could, leaving her children in the care of their oldest sister, Mary, who was then about as old as you are now. At one time the mother was engaged to watch with a sick person for several nights; but the brave little girl took good care of her brothers and sisters, and every thing went well for about a week; then one of the children was taken with a severe attack of croup. He had been sick with it once before, and Mary remembered her mother's alarm at that time, and was naturally frightened herself now; but instead of sitting down and crying, as some children would have done, she decided to go at once for help. She thought at first she would go for her mother; but she knew if she did so somebody would then have to call the doctor; so she decided to save time by going for him herself. It was a winter night, and a storm of sleet was blowing against the windows, but that did not stop her. She had no cloak, and her mother had taken the only heavy shawl they owned; but she put one of her mother's thickest gowns over her own, fastened the skirt up so that it would not get under her feet, wrapped a handkerchief about her neck for want of a tippet, and started out in the darkness, without a lantern. She was not a bit afraid, but she must have suffered some, for the wind whisked away her hat before she had gone far: still, she did not turn back. She toiled on through the drifts, blowing her bare fingers to keep them warm, and running when she could. Daylight was just breaking as she crossed that little bridge over the brook above our house."

"Then it is a *true* story?" exclaimed Gracie, in astonishment.

"Yes, and your father was the doctor she came after. I got up and warmed the brave little creature, and wiped the sleet from her hair, while papa was harnessing the horse; and when they drove away she was snugly wrapped in a warm shawl, and had on a hood and a blue tippet, which I had given her. I think it may be a little faded by this time. After she was gone I came to your bedside, where you lay asleep, and kissed you, and thanked God for the comforts which we enjoyed. I have ever since loved that little girl, who taught me such a good lesson in courage and affection. Your father found her brother dangerously ill. Mary's courage saved his life."

"And was her name really Mary?" asked Gracie.

"No, it was Sarah. Her playmates call her Sallie Nippet."

Gracie's eyes filled with tears: she could hardly speak; but she drew her mother's face down, and kissed her, and, after a short silence, said, "Good-night, darling mamma. You needn't leave a lamp, or leave your door open. I'm going to say my prayers again after you are gone; and I mean to ask God to forgive me for being unkind to Sallie, and to ask him to bless her for being so tender and brave."

Little Mabel would perhaps have tried to say the same thing; but she was fast asleep, with her thumb in her mouth. She had not even heard the story.

For The Dayspring.

MANAGING THE CHILDREN.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

CHAPTER I. — *The Departure.*

ATHER and mother were going away, — only for a fortnight, it is true, — but still, they were going away.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Jennie, the oldest girl, who felt as if the weight of the nation were suddenly thrust upon her small shoulders. "It will be just horrid; I know it will. Bridget will never let us have any thing nice for supper, and I don't believe the children will mind a word I say."

"Not quite so bad as that, daughter," replied mamma, cheerfully. "Ralph and Amy have promised to be good, and you know you are a sort of a mother already in Bobbet's eyes."

"I'm glad you're going to take Will with you, at any rate," said Jennie, with emphasis.

"So am I glad you're going to take Will with you," repeated a boyish voice from the corner of the room.

"I didn't know you were there," said Jennie, apologetically.

"Well, I am."

"I can't take it back, though," continued Jennie. "It isn't because I don't like you ever so much, Will. It's just because you're a boy, and boys are *so* hard to manage."

"Mother never manages *me*," said Will, scornfully. "She knows better; don't you, mammy?"

"That's because you don't need it when she's at home," replied Jennie; "but I never shall forget how you behaved the day she went to Aunt Lizzie's."

"Haven't you forgotten that yet?" laughed Will; "I forgot it *ages* ago."

"O Will!" said Amy, coming in just at that minute, "Bridget wants to know if you won't please come down and pick up those whittlings from the kitchen floor. She says you promised faithfully to do it, if she'd let you work there."

"So I did," cried Will, starting up; "I'll go this minute. She'll be '*never forgetting*' me next."

"Jennie," said mamma, when quiet was restored, "I want to speak to you about the table. I think it is best to leave it altogether to Bridget's judgment. She has been with us so long, and understands our ways so perfectly. Then, she is so kind and faithful, that I have much more confidence in her discretion than in that of four lively children, who might not know exactly what they did want."

"O mother!" said Jennie, half reproachfully.

"We shall have boiled cabbage every day of our lives," cried Amy. "See if we don't!"

Mamma laughed at the comical looks of distress. Then she drew her two little daughters to her, and told them, for the twentieth time, how sorry she was that troublesome business affairs should render papa's absence necessary just at this time. "Because," she added, thoughtfully, speaking more to herself than to them, "if he were not obliged to go, of course I shouldn't think of it. What if I have been confined at home for years? Isn't home the best place in the world, — the *very best place?*"

"Why, mother! Don't you want to go?" asked Jennie, in surprise.

"I don't want to do any thing that makes my children unhappy," replied mamma, kissing the rosy cheek.

Jennie's eyes seemed to open all at once. She saw, as never before, mamma's utter unselfishness.

"We're not going to be unhappy. *Are* we, Amy?"

"No," replied Amy, stoutly.

"We'll all be good, mother. We will, truly. We'd rather eat cabbage three times a day than to have you stay at home. Father says the trip will be delightful, if it is winter, and you must enjoy every minute of it. Don't think about us at all. I mean, don't *fret* about us. We shall get along splendidly; *see* if we don't! But I *do wish* I knew just *how* to *manage* the children."

"Don't manage them too much, daughter." There was no time to say more then; for some one called mamma to see about the packing, and that was but one of the many last things that must be done.

She found other opportunities, however, — this dear mamma, who loved her children so. "God bless you, my darlings!" said she, as she kissed them "good-night" for the last time before her departure. "Let us be brave to-morrow. A fortnight will so soon slip away, and we shall love each other all the better when we are together again."

When, however, the parting came, only two faces of the group could have been taken as faithful indexes of the feelings within. One was little Bobbet's, who made no effort to conceal his grief; the other, Master Will's, whose cheeks were flushed with excitement, and whose bright eyes fairly danced with delight.

But even Will could not look quite unmoved upon his little brother's tears. "Never mind, Bobbie!" he called from the carriage window; "I'll bring you a train of cars, — *perhaps* with a real engine."

"One that'll say 'choo-choo'?" asked Bobbet, in a broken voice.

"Yes, if I can find one. If I can't, I'll 'choo-choo' it myself."

"Good-by, Bobbet. Good-by, Jennie, Amy, Ralph. Take good care of each other," cried papa and mamma, both in a breath.

"Good-by! good-by! good-by!" called the children, as long as the carriage was in sight. After which Jennie, though feeling sorely the need of consolation herself, went into the house to comfort Bobbet, whose last state was worse than his first.

It was in the early twilight, — the hour which had always seemed the pleasantest of the day to the children, as well as to mamma; the hour when, Bobbet on her knee, and the others gathered about her, they sat at the window watching the people hurrying by to their homes. There were mammas in silks and seal-skins, going home to babies in dainty white drapery; mammas in calicos and scanty shawls, going home to babies in coarse, unsightly prints; girls and boys, well dressed and shabby, merry and careworn. The children liked to watch them as they passed, weaving from their young imaginations a story for each; which stories, however much they varied, always agreed in one important point, — they were all going to something nice and sweet and pleasant, because — they were *going home*.

The tears fell upon Bobbet's golden head as Jennie thought of all this. How dark the room seemed, — how empty, how desolate!

"Nobody can't tell me 'bout 'Little boys should—always—s-a-a-a-y,'" said Bobbet, dolefully.

Jennie wiped her eyes, with a silent self-reproach. "Yes, they can, Bobbie," she said, trying to speak cheerfully. "I can tell it myself, every word."

"Tell it!" said Bobbet, imperiously.

"You tell *me*," said Jennie, coaxingly, wishing the more effectually to divert her little brother's mind. "That will be the best way. Let's see, — how does it begin?"

So Bobbet commenced his bedtime verse, a stanza which, happening to hear from the lips of a little friend one day, had so captivated his youthful fancy that he had never once since gone to sleep without it.

"'Little boys should always s-a-a-y,'" he commenced dolefully, wiping his eyes.

"That's right," said Jennie. "Go on."

"'Little boys should always s-a-a-y,'" repeated Bobbet, mournfully.

"Yes, I know; but you said that."

"Little boys should always s-a-a-y
Little prayers at close of d-a-a-y,"

whined Bobbet.

"That's good; what's the rest?"

"Little boys should always s-a-a-y
Little prayers at close of d-a-a-y.
Then the angels sweetly smile,
Watching o'er them all the while;
Singing, 'We will surely keep
Harm away, while good boys sleep.'"

"That's a dear little boy!" said Jennie, approvingly.

"Nobody can't—tell me that—*now*," sobbed Bobbet.

"You don't want any one to tell you," said Jennie, a little impatiently. "You know it yourself."

"Yes, I *do*," cried Bobbet, breaking out afresh.

Then Jennie remembered that her little brother *was* queer about some things "Poor little Bobbie!" said she, giving him a hug, "I s'pose you do. You always did like to hear the same story over forty times. I'll say the verse to you to-night. I can say it just as well as mamma can."

"No, you can't," replied loyal Bobbet; but his grief was lightened, and his tears forgot to flow.

They were very near his eyes, however, when Bridget seated him in his high chair at the tea-table. Kind-hearted Bridget, — how she pitied the poor "lammies" left without a shepherd! Her sympathy peeped out in every feature of her homely face, but was particularly discernible in the emphasis with which she placed upon the table a plate of golden cakes of divers shapes and sizes.

"Here's for *yees*, now," said she. "An' a *whisht* to the mopin' and grievin'. Come, now, darlin'; eat your supper like a man."

This last was addressed to Bobbet, who was eyeing the dainties with a look of subdued satisfaction.

"How good of Bridget to make those!" thought Jennie, remorsefully, as she remembered her previous misgivings.

"Hearts and rounds and stars and — birds, as sure as you live!" cried Ralph, stretching his neck to get a better view. "Look, Bobbet!"

"I *am* lookin'," said Bobbet, soberly. Was it possible that bread and butter could be palatable, or cookies sweet, without mamma? He doubted it.

But Ralph sat in papa's place, and was so funny, — pretending that it was very hard to provide for such a family; charging them, with such a queer twinkle of his eye, to partake sparingly of butter, and to bear in mind that flour had "*riz*;" also, to be sure not to forget, while eating their cookies, that birds were sometimes very *high*, — that Jennie and Amy could not help laughing heartily, and even Bobbet's face relaxed a little.

"It's a very severe thing to be the father of a family," said Ralph, with becoming gravity.

"'*Serious*,' you mean," corrected Jennie.

"No, I don't," persisted Ralph; "I mean '*severe*.'"

"Well, I don't suppose it makes much difference," said Jennie, good-naturedly. "You may mean both before papa gets home."

"I say, Jane," exclaimed Ralph, forgetting his newly acquired dignity, "the boys are going to make a boat to sail in Win Tilson's pond when the ice breaks up. They want to make it in our woodshed. Is there any harm?"

"I—don't—know," hesitated Jennie; "Bridget mightn't like it. You know how the boys left the shed the last time they were there."

"We'll be careful," said Ralph, earnestly. "We won't drop a chip, and we'll pick up every scrap after we get through."

Both the girls laughed at this Hibernian speech; and, as supper was over, and Bobbet begging piteously for a story, the subject was dropped, to await a more convenient season.

Later in the evening, when the golden head was resting peacefully on its white pillow; when Ralph sat listlessly by the fire, wondering what in the world he should do for a fortnight without Will, — his twin-brother he called him, though he was a little older; when Amy tried her example for the fifth time, and couldn't get it right, because she "felt too stupid for any thing," — poor Jane, who pitied Ralph sincerely, and who knew that Amy's stupidity was only another name for loneliness and heartache, felt that they had come suddenly upon troublous times, and wished most earnestly in her poor little heart that the next fortnight might be all bedtime.

"You don't know about any thing in the night," she said aloud.

"Sometimes you do," replied Amy; "you *have* to. Don't you know Fred Lyons, — when his mother died, — they had to give him medicine to make him shut his eyes?"

"'When his mother died!'" Jennie drew a long breath, then another and another, shading her eyes with one hand.

"What's the matter, Jane?" asked wondering Ralph.

Jane didn't speak for a moment. Then she said slowly, "I'm thinking of poor Fred. O Ralph! we ought to try to be *real* good. Oh, I'm *so* glad mother's coming back!"

"Of course she's coming back. I didn't know people cried like the mischief when they're *so glad*," quoth Master Ralph, with a sudden moisture in his own bright eyes.

Jennie didn't answer. She remembered all at once that, among Bobbet's peculiarities, was a habit of throwing off the blankets in his sleep, and ran up to see that he was safely covered. When she came down, her face was as calm as befitted that of an elder sister to whom the others were to look for advice and counsel; and, if Ralph and Amy noticed the suspicious redness of her swollen eyelids, they were too kind to say so.

Bedtime came at last. Troubles flew away at the approach of the good sleep-angel, and the four children slept soundly until morning.

TRUTH.

WHY should you fear the truth to tell?
Does falsehood ever do so well?
Can you be satisfied to know
There's something wrong to hide below?
No: let your fault be what it may,
To own it is the better way.

NEVER buy what you do not want because it is cheap. Many have been ruined by this.

LITTLE THINGS.

A CUP of water timely brought;
An offered easy-chair;
A turning of the window blind,
That all may feel the air;

An early flower unasked bestowed;
A light and cautious tread;
A voice to softest whispers hushed,
To spare an aching head, —

Oh! things like these, though little things,
The purest love disclose;
As fragrant atoms in the air
Reveal the hidden rose.

Scattered Seeds.

TRUE RICHES.

A LITTLE boy sat by his mother. He looked long into the fire, and was silent. Then, as the deep thought passed away, his eye brightened, and he said, "Mother, I shall be rich."

His mother said, "Why do you wish to be rich?"

The child replied, "Every one praises the rich. Every one asks after the rich. The stranger at our table yesterday asked who was the richest man in the village. At school, there is a boy who does not like to learn. Sometimes he speaks bad words; but the other children do not blame him, for they say he is a wealthy boy."

The mother saw that her child was in danger of thinking that wealth might stand in the place of goodness, or be an excuse for indolence, or cause those who lead evil lives to be held in honor. So she said, "What is it to be rich?"

He answered, "I do not know. Tell me what I must do to become rich, that all may ask after me and praise me."

The mother replied, "To become rich is to get money. For this you must wait until you are a man."

The boy looked sorrowful, and said, "Is there not some other way of being rich, that I may begin now?"

She answered, "The gain of money is not the only nor the true wealth. Fires may burn it, floods drown it, winds sweep it away, moth and rust waste it, and the robber may make it his prey. Men are wearied with the toil of getting it, but they leave it behind at last. They die, and carry nothing away. The soul of the richest prince goeth forth without a garment, like that of the wayside beggar. There is another kind of riches, which is not kept in the purse, but in the heart. Those who possess it are not always praised by men, but they have the praise of God."

"Then," said the boy, "may I begin to gather this kind of riches now, or must I wait till I grow up, and be a man?"

The mother laid her hand upon his head, and said, "'To-day, if ye will hear His voice;' for He hath promised, 'Those who seek me early shall find me.'"

The child said earnestly, "Teach me how I may become rich before God."

Then she looked tenderly in his face, and said, "Kneel down every night and morning, and ask that the love of the dear Saviour may dwell in your heart. Obey his Word, and strive all the days of your life to be good, and to do good to all. So, though you may be poor in this world, you shall be rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom of heaven." — *Selected.*

THOUGHTS TO CLOSE THE DAY.

WHAT know I more that's worth the knowing?
What have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?
What duty have I left undone?
Or into what new follies run?

THE VIOLETS: A FABLE.

A BED of sweet violets flourished on a shady bank; they were guarded from the sight of the passers-by and from the fierce rays of the sun by the thick underwood; but their delicate perfume pervaded the air, and many a wanderer, though he could not see them, stopped to enjoy their fragrance, and went on rejoicing. But the violets grumbled among themselves, and said: "Men enjoy our sweet smell, and give us no credit; no one can see us, and we are not known and honored as we ought to be. Would that these stupid bushes were cut down!" In the winter, the woodman came and cut down the tall hazels and the thick thorns. Then the spring came, and the violets were very happy; for, they thought, "Now we shall be seen and honored," and they put forth their blossoms with a double sweetness and brilliancy. A number of school-children ran by the bank, smelt their sweetness, saw their flowers, gathered them, and trampled their tender leaves into the earth. The hot summer sun shone upon them, and withered them up; and when the next spring came there were no violets on the bank.

Moral: Be content with doing good quietly, and seek not notoriety. — *Sunday School Penny Magazine.*

As a drop of water falling from the house eaves weareth and holloweth the hard stone, not by force, but by often falling; even so a scholar proveth learned, not by power or strength, but by much diligence and great reading.

NEVER have to repent of having eaten too much. Temperance is health.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

From Charles Swain's "Songs and Ballads."

OH! there's a *power* to make each hour
As sweet as Heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it.
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no charm so dear
As Home and Friends around us!

We oft destroy the present joy
For future hopes, — and praise them;
Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them.
For things *afar* still sweetest are
When youth's bright spell hath bound us;
But soon we're taught that earth had nought
Like Home and Friends around us!

The friends that speed in time of need,
When Hope's last reed is shaken,
That show us still, that, come what will,
We are not quite forsaken;
Though all were night, if but the light
Of *Friendship's* altar crowned us,
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this:
Our Home and Friends around us!

JAPANESE MONEY.

ONE of the greatest curiosities in Japan to the stranger is the wonderful variety of coins that are used daily. In some instances, it takes one thousand pieces to make one dollar. These are called "cash," and are seldom received by foreigners, who, as a general rule, refuse to take them in change. Imagine making a trade of five cents, and giving a man a fifty cent piece, then receiving in change four hundred and fifty of these coppers. This coin is peculiarly made, having a square hole in the centre. They are about the size of our dime pieces, and nearly two-thirds the thickness. Next to this comes the quarter of a cent, eight-tenths of a cent, and the

one and two cent pieces. In silver coins, they have the five, ten, twenty, fifty cent, and one-dollar pieces. In gold, the one, two, five, ten, and twenty dollars, which are very pretty coinages indeed. Next to this come the Government stores of paper money, in various denominations, ranging from five cents to one hundred dollars. This money is made on quite inferior paper to ours, and, from general appearance, will not last like the American money.

Puzzles.

PUZZLE.

I am a word of three letters, and am possessed by man and beast.

With an initial B, I am an animal;
With an initial D, I am expensive;
With an initial F, I am dread;
With an initial G, I am furniture;
With an initial H, I take notice;
With an initial L, I am the name of a king;
With an initial N, I am not far distant;
With an initial P, I am a fruit;
With an initial R, I am in the background;
With an initial S, I am withered;
With an initial T, I betoken sorrow;
With an initial Y, I am a period of time.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 1, 7, 5, is a small insect;
My 8, 3, 4, 6, is an article of furniture;
My 5, 10, 21, 11, is a mark of sorrow;
My 12, 24, 13, 17, 18, is of more value than riches;
My 2, 19, 9, is a carpenter's tool;
My 27, 16, 14, 3, is a brave fellow;
My 20, 25, 26, 10, 14, is our most common drink;
My 22, 21, 11, 15, is used in knitting;
My 7, 3, 23, is the present time.

My whole is a proverb.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A body of water.
2. Across.
3. An emperor.
4. Tó let fall.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. B	ri	G
2. E	uphrosyn	E
3. N	er	O
4. J	anito	R
5. A	ga	G
6. M	nemosyn	E
7. I	ce-sa	W
8. N	in	A
9. F	aunu	S
10. R	ut	H
11. A		I
12. N	elso	N
13. K	in	G
14. L	en	T
15. I	dah	O
16. N	ewto	N

Benjamin Franklin.
George Washington.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

Goat; Oat; Goa; G (gee); T (tea); A, O; Go; At; Og; Ta (in Vir.); Toga.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE IN JANUARY NUMBER.

A whale.

THE DAYSPRING,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,

(George F. Piper, Secretary)

7 TREMONT PLACE . . . . . BOSTON.

TERMS. — Per annum, for a single copy . 30 cents.
Four copies to one address . $1.00.

Postage, 2½ cents additional for each copy, per year.

Payment invariably in advance.

Press of John Wilson & Son: Cambridge.